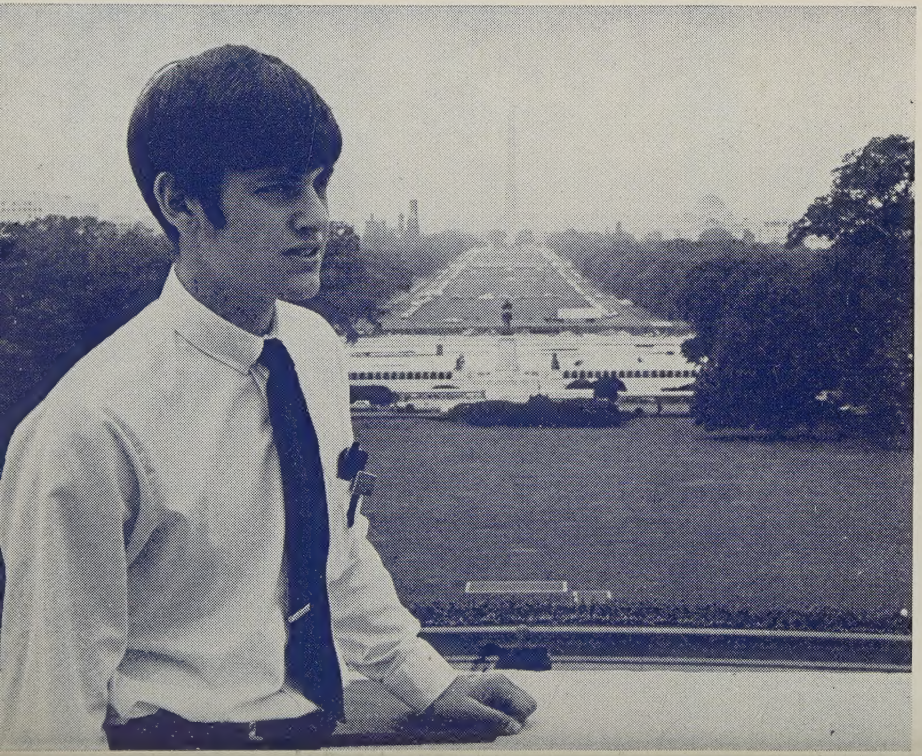
Religious Education Exchange

The Christian Century

OCTOBER 11, 1970



SOME

To many people, the workings of our federal government are an incomprehensible tangle of complex procedures, red tape, and vast office buildings in Washington, D.C. And so, many people conclude that our government is a hopeless, insensitive bureaucracy; while others conclude that our government should be abolished.

Of the many, many jobs which must be filled to keep a large government (or bureaucracy) like ours working, some are very old—almost a tradition and inevitably will fade away in the wake of change and reform. Recently I had the opportunity to have one of these jobs of tradition, and to see for myself the workings of Capitol Hill.

This summer I became a page in the

TEXT: MARK GICHERT / PHOTOS: LEE RANCK

CAPITOL IDEAS

U.S. House of Representatives, which, for me, was the realization of an old dream.

The night when my congressman, Glenn Davis (R-Wis.), called to tell me that I had been selected for the job, I was elated, to say the very least. Three days later I jetted away from my conservative hometown of Brookfield, Wis., to a summer of more new experiences than I had bargained for. Congressman Davis met me at the airport there, and that night I enjoyed the pleasant hospitality of the Davis family.

The next day was Monday and I reported to work early. I found the House of Representatives to be large and impressive, more so than it appears to be on TV. After a few introductions and words of instructions, I started going on runs with other pages and was amazed at the size and extent of the buildings and subways we had to know. Surprisingly, however, within two days I knew my way around fairly well and I even began to make sense out of the endless rules and procedures I saw around me. My feet ached for awhile, but adjustments came easily and I was soon well into the job.

After several days at work, I realized that I had gotten some false impressions about how easy it was to be a page. It is not easy; there is constant work and no regular hours. If Congress stays in session until midnight, we stay until midnight. We usually carry letters and papers, but heavy stacks of books or Congressional Records are not uncommon.

"I felt certain in those first hours that I would never learn my way through the myriad of subways, corridors, and massive buildings. The customs and protocol of a job in Congress were unfamiliar, and so were the many blinking lights, bells, and buzzers I had to learn to understand."

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Editor: Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.

Admin. Secretary: Clara Utermohlen

Art Consultant: Charles Newton

Secretary: Jane Popp

Editorial address: Room 806, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

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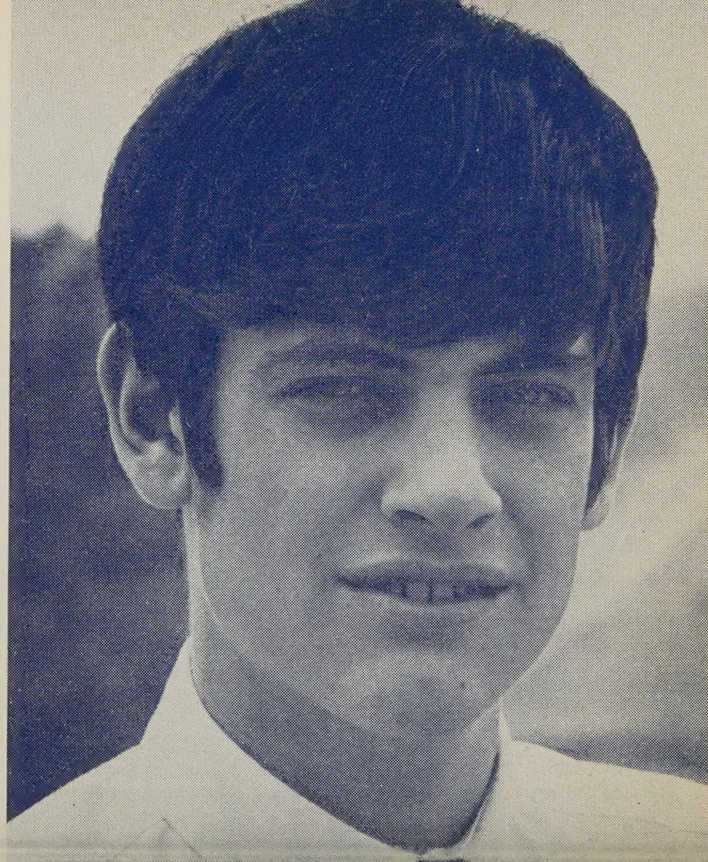


Selected by his congressman, Mark was a summer page in the U. S. House of Representatives.

Some of the pages were there because of who they were. Melvin Laird's son and sons of generals of the Joint Chiefs of Staff were some of the pages there with big names. Pages used to ride horses between offices and until recently wore knickers. Today there are about 50 (usually less) in the House, 25 in the Senate, and four in the Supreme Court. We are on duty every day except Sunday.

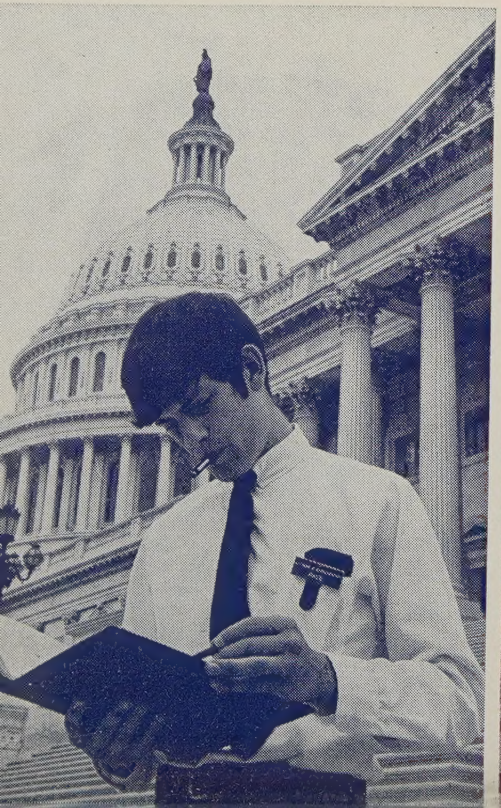
There is no such thing as a normal day on the Hill (Capitol Hill). But on the whole, the days followed a similar pattern, beginning when my alarm woke me at eight—pages in the winter rise at five a.m. to go to school before going to work. Once up and showered, I would dress in our uniform of black socks, black shoes, black pants, black tie, and white shirt—no more knickers. Our strict dress code permits congressmen, secretaries, and security guards to know who we are at a glance.

On my cool morning walk to the Capitol, I'd stop to rouse Richard (a friend and fellow page from California) who accompanied me the rest of the way. The huge Capitol building was an impressive and inspiring structure to walk to each morning. Although in danger of collapsing in some areas, it still imparts a feeling of solidarity.

Richard and I would then have breakfast with some other pages in one of the Capitol's restaurants. After a quick meal, I went upstairs to the Floor before the other pages did in order to stop in the Speaker's Lobby. There I could get the up-to-the-minute news on the UPI and AP teletypes, find out what the weather was like back home and across the nation on the weather map, and read my home state paper or the paper of any big city.

The first bells at 9:30 meant the head page was calling the roll and so I went in to begin the day's work. The first job each morning is to file a copy of the Congressional Record by the chair of each Republician member on our side of the aisle. In the House, the Republicans sit on one side of the center aisle and the Democrats on the other. Papers,

"The first time that I got off work away from the Capitol area, I reached the same conclusion about the city that I had reached before in the spring—grandiose and impressive on the marble outside, but ugly on the inside. Away from the fountains and statues are the slums, high crime, and a destitute people. My initial fear of the people soon turned to pity and sorrow, for these people, there is little hope."



As they wait for an elevator (above), Mark chats with Senator William Proxmire (D-Wis).

Miles of walking, constant work, and unpredictable hours make being a page not an easy job.

bills (laws), and news briefs have to be distributed first thing, too.

Once these preliminaries are completed, we begin to go on the morning's runs, which extend all over the Hill. The buildings I walked through on runs were very elegant, but after a while, I walked down the long marble statuary halls of the Capitol with as much indifference as a corridor at my school.

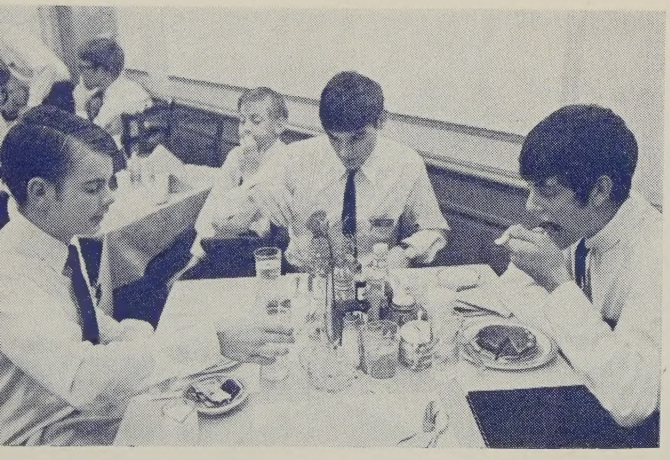
Though the Hill is already buzzing with activity early each morning, the congressional day doesn't officially begin until the House convenes, usually at noon. In the few moments before Speaker McCormack arrives on the floor, the people in the galleries quiet down expectantly. The chaplain takes a last-minute glance at his prayer on the podium. When Speaker McCormack steps into the chamber, everyone rises. He then steps up to his elevated rostrum bringing his gavel down on the desk and we hear his familiar, "The House will be in order; the chaplain will offer the prayer." When the prayer is over, the

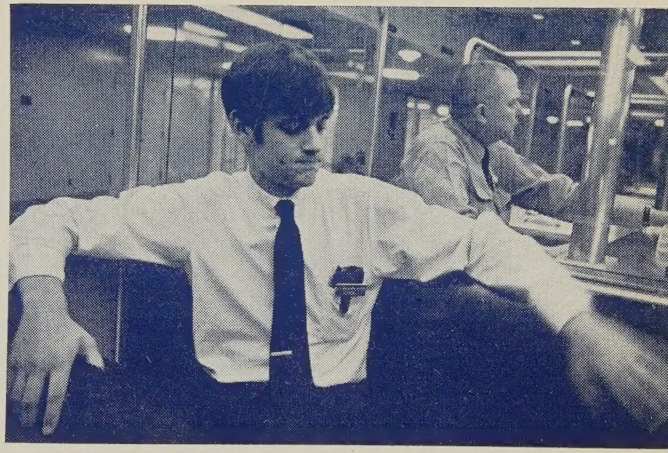
Once Congress is in session, we pages spent the rest of the day on runs. All of our activities centered around the page desk—it is our nerve center—located on the floor of the House. At it we receive our calls, from a congressman on the Floor five feet away or from an office five blocks away. Since I was the number two page in seniority, which simply means I had been there second longest, I sometimes ran the desk. On runs we carried anything and everything, and on some runs I carried things like roses, a birthday cake, and homemade bread. We did quite a bit of walking since our territory included the entire Capitol building, the five congressional office buildings, and frequent trips to the Supreme Court and the Library of Congress. The subway trains helped somewhat, but were too short to make any real difference.

Speaker McCormack is the most powerful member of our legislative branch. At first the respect which everyone had for the white-haired old gentleman from Massachusetts confused me, until I heard

him speak to Congress. On that day they were debating the 18-year-old vote bill and he stepped down from his high chair, with unexpected agility, and waited to speak, standing silently on the floor in front of his fellow members. He was silent for a moment and then he spoke with great power and conviction in support of the 18-year-old vote. His words commanded attention and his clear, strong voice drove his well-reasoned points home with the force of a hammer. When the galleries and congressmen rose to give him a standing ovation, I found myself joining them in a new understanding of their respect for him.

On some days I saw people who disappointed me. When Prince Charles, Princess Anne, Tricia Nixon, and David Eisenhower came to the House floor, when Congress wasn't in session one day, their aloofness and lack of warmth made an immediate impression on me. Some people were a joy to meet. Many of the younger congressmen are alive and bubbling with an interest in every-





Special dining halls and subway trains aid pages in their work.

thing. I found my own congressman, Glenn Davis, to be a very conscientious man. He was so conscientious about answering his mail that other members sometimes kidded him about it.

My Senator, William Proxmire (D-Wis.), impresses me daily when I hear of his work on the news, and he impressed me even more so when I met and spoke with him. He has a genuine belief in all that he is doing.

Although these two men are of different parties, I respect them both. Do not be cheated into thinking you cannot admire and support men from both parties. Neither party has a monopoly on good men—or on bad ones.

Contrary to public opinion, congressmen are ordinary human beings, just like us—the same hopes and dreams, triumphs and failures. Public opinion means a great deal to them, and one of the most important things you can do is write to your congressman about the issues and laws you care about—send him *your* opinion. I have found that in most cases the feeling that mail is ignored by congressmen is without basis. Senators and Representatives spend a large part of each day on mail, and if you find that yours isn't, you can exercise a power that all congressmen fear—your vote. As youth, we have [illegible]

Meeting and seeing many of the people in the news helped make my days interesting.

received the vote and it is a tool we need to learn to use, for the vote still is a powerful tool. It must be used fully to be effective, and, even more importantly, it must be used wisely.

I am sure that Richard and Ralph (two page friends) and I will never forget Honor America Day, for on that day we were caught in the midst of the chaos and turmoil of a riot. It was one experience I hadn't counted on.

We were waiting in the dusk on the wide lawn beneath the towering figure of the Washington Monument for Bob Hope and his "big name show" to begin, when about 150 yards in front of us a group of yippies and radicals tried to storm into the section fenced off for the seating of officials and dignitaries. Immediately the police rushed in—I'm not sure whether they helped or hindered the situation—but at any rate the riot began. (Earlier in the day, protesters had waded up the long reflecting pool, shouting in an attempt to disrupt Billy Graham's program and, although they weren't very successful, they gave us an indication of what was to come.

The three of us were awestruck by the spectacle of 400,000 people, virtually covering the large hillside and valley, and were even more amazed knowing that less than a hundred yards away a riot, like we had seen on TV newsreels was in progress. Suddenly, in fear of tear gas, the great mass rose to its feet with a roar, and like a great wave, began to run in panic toward us. But they stopped, and slowly went back to where they were, some sitting on blankets, many smoking pot, and some already high on other stuff. It was a strange crowd, though, for mixed in with the hippies and yippies were families, parents and children. In many parts, the crowd was calm and friendly, and after several more false panics, I became used to having the crowd surge up at me. I imagined that the scene here must have resembled Woodstock.

Then, off to our left, came a bang, and as I turned I saw a white plume in the air just above the crowd. I barely had time to notice the crowd running

"One night when I had a chance to talk with Speaker McCormack alone after adjournment, he lived up to his reputation for being very friendly toward young people. He didn't bore me with talk of the old times or his disdain for today's youth. Instead he talked of his faith in youth. When he heard I was entering college in the fall, he told me simply that knowledge is the key to all things, and that common sense and concern for others are the keys to knowledge. Some people never grow old, no matter how long they live."

?

Mark talks with his congressman, Glenn Davis (R-Wis).

toward me again when my eyes, my nose, and my throat burned and stung fiercely—my face cringed with pain. We ran. The search for clear air brought us right up to the confrontation, and the bottles and cans that flashed through the spotlights that pierced the darkness created an eerie spectacle as they arced into the lines of blue uniforms.

While we were ducking bottles and rocks, I noticed the TV cameras high on a platform covering the show, but we found out later that the riot was ignored and hushed up. As we ducked bottles, we acknowledged that this was the very thing our parents had warned us to avoid, and we laughed at ourselves and the irony of our predicament.

The police simply stood behind their gasmasks, and though we got teargassed

Public opinion means much t

twice more, the situation did not change much. The dissenters continued hurling bottles, violent curses, and peace chants. I looked at the mass around us and imagined Christ walking alone and unrecognized, among all these people sadly shaking his head at the hatred that still existed between his brothers.

My eyes were distracted as I saw a coke bottle strike a policeman on the side of his neck. His head fell backwards, and he sank to his knees, and then fell to the ground. Here, I thought, was the supreme irony—a human being struck to the ground in the name of love and peace. The picture of a fascist pig cop vanished from my mind as I saw him lying there—here was a human being with as many needs and hopes as the person who had struck him down. The color and lights of the "big name show" seemed far away and unimportant. Somehow there was a tragic hypocrisy in all that I had seen that day.

In the words of the late President Kennedy, "We have the power to make this generation the best generation in

egislators, and so letters and votes are influential tools which every citizen should use wisely.

the history of man, or to make it the last." Our nation and all of mankind have reached a very crucial point in history. In the facing of many ultimate problems—like nuclear holocaust, world-wide pollution, and population explosion —we become a crucial generation: the best or the last.

Of all the many protest groups, one is unique. A group of dissident and radicals so dedicated to changing the world that they have made the word *protest* a part of their name. Most of us who read this are those protesters, for we are PROTESTants—Protestants.

This is a crucial time not only for the secular world, but for Christianity itself, for even though there is no problem that cannot be solved through Christ's teachings and even though there is no cause outside the scope of our faith, we have become the defender of the status quo instead of its enemy. Never before have the followers of Christ had such a great opportunity to work for the advancement of mankind. If we as Christians do not meet these needs and challenges, the Christian faith will die of hypocrisy. As Christians and as PROTESTants, our mission has always been to change the world for the better, and our hope still lies in change.

On Capitol Hill I had to wrestle with many questions in the light of my faith. For example, our own Declaration of Independence states that we as citizens have an obligation to "alter or abolish" any government that destroys our inalienable rights. Therefore, when revolution or change is necessary, I will join in the revolt or movement for change. But I sincerely do not think abolishing our system of government would be wise.

We *do* need a revolution against industrial pollution, population explosion, and dangerous attitudes, for the beliefs people hold are all important. As long as people believe that war, violence, and hate are inevitable, so it will be.

As human beings and as Christians, we find ourselves faced with a new goal and a new dream. It is perfectly clear that we have to strive for a better world —the best or the last.

"In this world of impeding chaos and lack of order, destroying our legal system in favor of that chaos would be similar to a man who, while being adrift alone at sea and not knowing how to swim, throws away his lifesaver because he feels it is too old. Our lifesaver does need a great deal of repair, but not discarding, for I have seen evidence that it is still possible to work within the system, even though it needs changing."

ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL WITH THE CARTOONISTS

So that both voters and candidates do not forget the issues, editorial cartoonists—each from his own perspective—punch hard to focus on the irony of our human frailties.

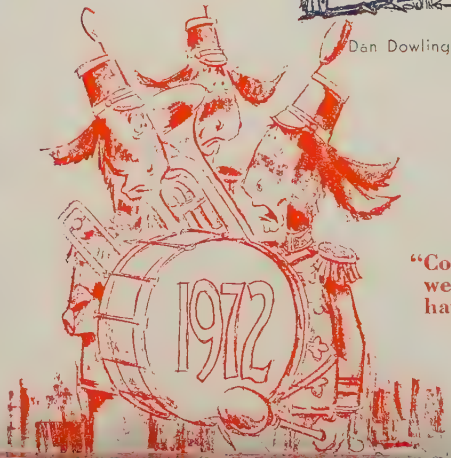
Fischetti, © 1970 Publishers-Hall Syndicate

Interland © 1970 Los Angeles Times. By permission of Los Angeles Times Syndicate

"I hope working within the system doesn't turn me into a complete cynic!"

Get Your New Campaign Picture Taken!

Dan Dowling, from the Kansas City Star



"Come to think of it, we don't have a leader."

Ray Osrun, The Cleveland Plain Dealer

"I'll never forget what's-his-name . . ."

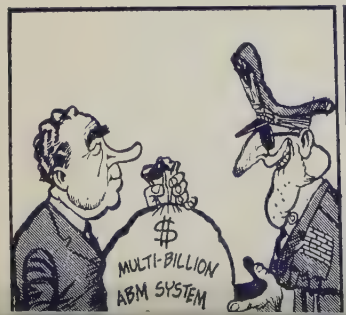
By Conrad; reprinted with permission of Register and Tribune Syndicate

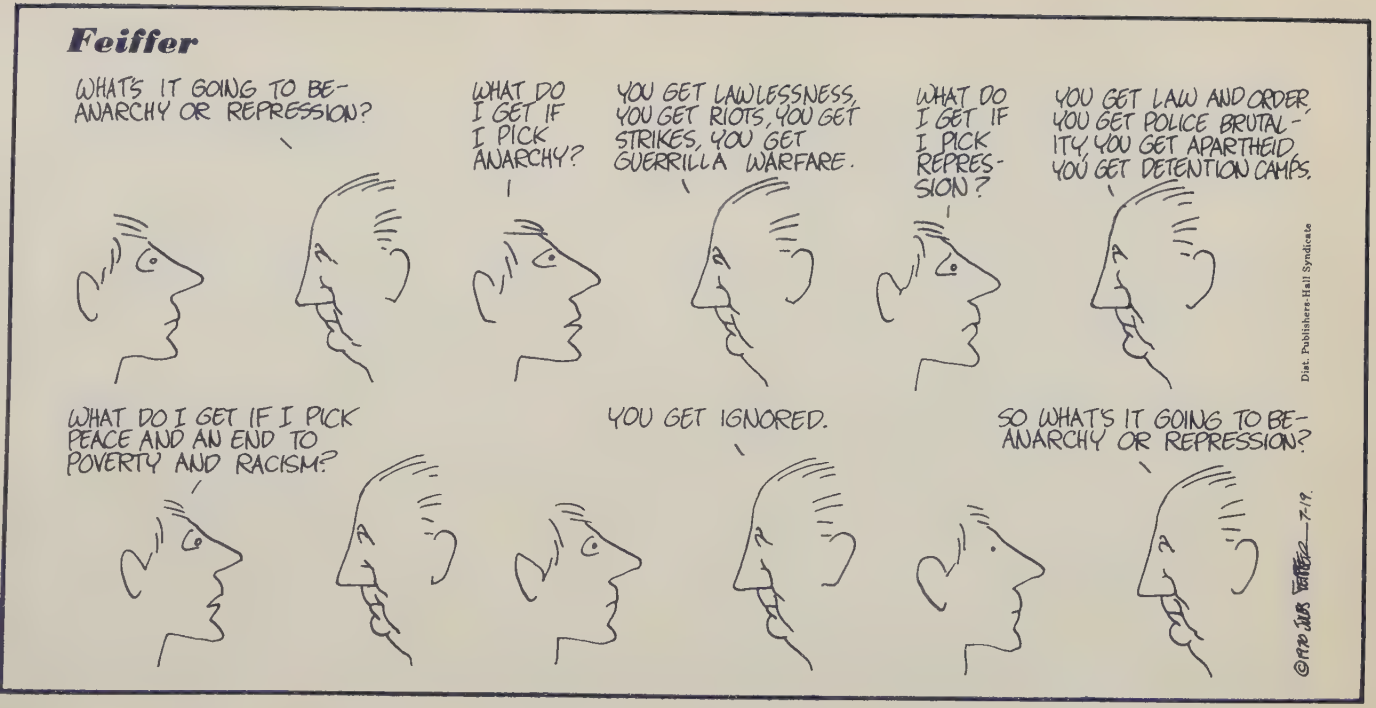
Werner, The Indianapolis Star

Some Chauffeuring!

Reprinted with permission from the Chicago Sun-Times
Cartoon by Jacob Burck

Living High on the Hog





Feiffer, © 1970 Publishers-Hall Syndicate

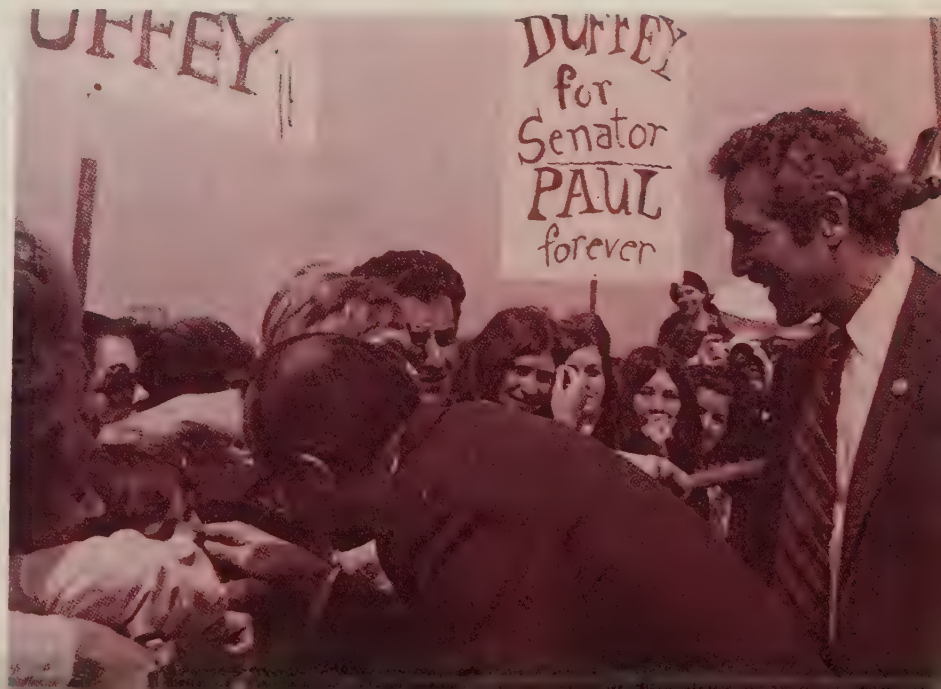
Uluschak, Edmonton Journal, Canada (Ben Roth Agency)

"Those Song My atrocities were enough to . . . bombs away . . . turn any decent person's stomach!"

Sanders, The Milwaukee Journal

"Hold my sign while I rig another bomb, Brother"

UNDERDOG UPSETS MACHINE:



CAN DUFFEY DO IT AGAIN?

What is youth's role in the Connecticut campaign to elect a minister to the U.S. Senate when experts say it can't be done?

"The job of a driver is to let the candidate rest while he's in the car between engagements on a busy schedule," the young man explained to me his role in the campaign as he drove me to the airport outside Hartford, Conn. "I try not to involve him in needless conversation and, of course, to get him safely to his destination."

Howard is typical of the corps of young people working for Joe Duffey, Democratic candidate for U.S. Senator from Connecticut. Howard was far from quiet during our 40-minute drive. I learned that he had just graduated from college, he's articulate and talented (the campaign staff photographer), he's concerned enough about the problems in the world to do whatever task—however menial—to bring about the changes he feels are needed, and he's got great respect for his man. As he talked, Howard seemed to be underscoring all that I had observed in my few days with the Duffey people, including the candidate himself.

"I'm continually impressed with the variety and quality of people who join this campaign," Howard opined. "I thought when I joined that I'd see a lot of people who were eager to manipulate others—and you see a few of them here—but most are simply supporting a person whom they believe in."

As Howard spoke, my thoughts went to 15-year-old Fred, who helped run the local Duffey office in Bloomfield, to 22-year-old Judy, who was receptionist and a jack-of-all-trades in the state headquarters, and to 20-year-old Janet who planned in advance daily events in many towns for Pat Duffey (Joe's wife) when she hit the campaign trail.

But, above all, I thought of Mrs. Anne Wexler of Westport, Duffey's state-wide campaign manager. In 1968, she and Joe had worked together as state co-chairmen for the McCarthy campaign. Starting with those '68 contacts, Anne has built an organization reaching into most of Connecticut's towns—the local units for politicking. Duffey's workers are mostly volunteers, from all ages and all walks of life.

"We never thought we'd win in the primary," Howard smiled, as he reminisced from behind the steering wheel. "It's great to be a part of victory—to see all of your sweat and time pay off."

From the start, Joe Duffey was fighting the state-wide Democratic machine, run for the last 24 years by John M. Bailey. Because incumbent Senator Thomas J. Dodd had been censured by Congress in 1967 for allegedly misusing campaign contributions,

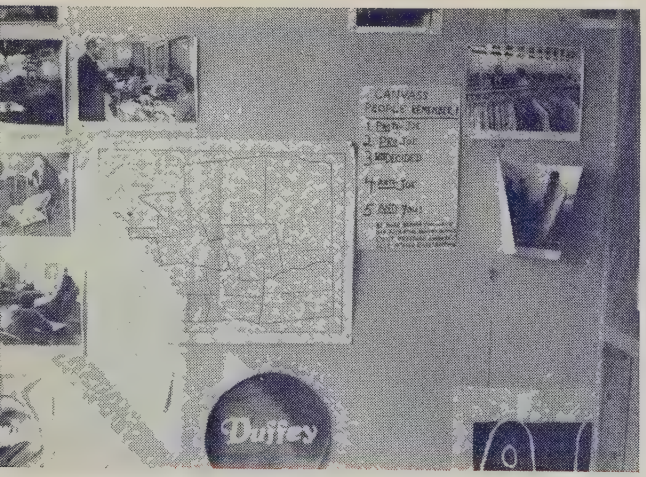


Photo by author

"After the Cambodian situation, parents began listening to and communicating with their children about the war, and a lot of young people were emboldened to stand up and reject the violent, radical alternatives and to realize the seriousness of legitimate political action. And so they began to focus on the problems of persuading people, which is what politics is all about."

Boss Bailey selected Alphonsus J. Donahue to run for Dodd's seat in the U.S. Senate. Normally, by Connecticut law, if no other person got more than 20% of the votes from party delegates representing the towns at the nominating convention in June, no primary is held in August. But both Joe Duffey and Edward Marcus each rounded up more than 20% of the delegates and forced the first Democratic primary in Connecticut's history.

"At first Joe was criticized for being a naive, soft-spoken, liberal egghead," Howard observed as he steered his VW onto an expressway, "but Joe soon proved that he could communicate with mechanics, housewives, students, blacks, businessmen, and all the rest. As for politics, he may be more practical than the pros he's battling."

Both politics and concern for people come naturally for Joe Duffey. Son of an Irish immigrant coal miner who eventually become a state legislator, Joseph Daniel Duffey was born and reared in Huntington, W. Va. In high school, he wanted to be a labor lawyer, but he got involved in youth work in the Baptist church, and after working in construction, on the railroad, and in a steel mill, he was eventually ordained as a minister of the United Church of Christ. His degrees include a bachelor of arts from Marshall University in Huntington in 1954, a bachelor of divinity from Andover Newton Theological Seminary in 1959, and a Ph.D. in sociology from Hartford Theological Seminary, where he has worked and studied for the last

ten years, serving as director of the seminary's Center for Urban Ethics for the last three years.

He has been involved in political activities, especially affecting the poor and the black, since 1963. He and his wife and two children moved to a home on the edge of Hartford's North End because "if you're talking about the city you should live there." He's been a stabilizer in a white-turning-black area.

He joined the liberal Americans for Democratic Action in 1964 and last year was elected its national chairman at 37, the youngest chairman in the ADA's 22-year history.

Endorsements have come from ex-Governor Chester Bowles, Mayor Richard Lee of New Haven, Ramsey Clark, Coretta King, Edward Kennedy, Edmund Muskie, actor Paul Newman, and others. But the big boost in his primary race came from TV endorsements by Connecticut's other senator, Abraham A. Ribicoff.

Now Joe has won his own state party's endorsement. But the odds are still against him. Most experts feels that Senator Dodd, who is a Catholic and a conservative and who is running for re-election on an Independent ticket, will win enough votes from the many Catholics in Connecticut and from the conservatives among the state's blue-collar constituency, that in the three-way election on November 3, the Republican candidate, Lowell P. Weicker, Jr., is favored to win. And the national Republican Party is expected to make extra effort to make certain of that victory for Weicker.

"We spend more on tobacco than on education . . . more on pet food than on food stamps for the poor . . . more on chewing gum than on model cities . . . and more on deodorants than on controlling pollution. I run for the Senate because this nation cannot survive without a change in priorities."

Joe and Pat Duffey's family includes sons, Michael, 14, David, 12, and foster son, Alex 11.

"Joe is an honest person," Howard confided. "Often I've seen him have to decide between what is politically expedient and what is honest, and he always decides on what is honest."

I sensed this same integrity during my brief visit with Joe Duffey in his office in West Hartford. The glow of the primary victory was still there but the reality of the hard fight ahead was much apparent as our conversation was interrupted by phone calls from a Washington reporter, key political contacts, and labor leaders.

"How do you see the primary campaigning this year differing from 1968?" I asked as a starter.

"If there was a difference, it was that I tried to build into this campaign a little more visible concern for issues other than the war. We tried to relate ourselves to the struggle of workers and I tried to make young people understand that the economic plight of the workers is a real issue, although we certainly did not avoid the issues of the poor and of the war."

"How did your young volunteers respond to this?"

"With great understanding," Joe replied. "For many of them it was a new thing to be working beside labor people and to be sympathetic to them. We didn't run a kind of polarizing confrontation campaign. We tried to raise issues. We kept stressing the fact that people had more in common than they did if we divided them. I kept moving back and forth among black people in the inner city and suburbanites and people who work in factories, always trying to talk about common discontent. That changed the nature of the campaign."

"In your campaign headquarters, I saw a hand-written sign reading: 'This is a serious senatorial campaign. Keep your couth.' Is this how the youth really feel or is this something you've instilled?"

"This grew out of the discipline from within the ranks of the student corps itself," he said.

"Do you feel that if the young people who are supporting you lose, like they did with McCarthy, some of them will be turned against the system and say we've got to upset it? Or do you think these are the kind of youth who will stick with it, win or lose?"

"I don't think you can say," Joe responded thoughtfully. "Certainly I do not plan to take that position whatever happens. As a matter of fact, on the night of the primary election returns, the only speech I had written was the speech for what I felt would be the most difficult situation—if I had lost. And in that speech, which I never gave, I talked about being patient—not patient with injustice but certainly being patient with the political system. I tried very hard not to build into this campaign what got into the 1968 campaign—the all-or-nothing, right-now, sort of mentality. That is NOT the attitude. We're in this to stay. We're working in a long-range effort. Besides,

Photo by author

"I think the complaints of the middle Americans are very real and justified. Liberalism has too often given off a very snobbish appearance. Yet the workers are the people who are often the ones to bear the brunt of social change which we have to make in terms of housing and jobs.

I think young people are very tough. They may be tougher than most people realized in '68. I think most of them will stay in it."

"Is there a place for high-school-age volunteers in election campaigns?"

"Oh, yes. Although not exclusively young people, a lot of our state headquarters staff are college graduates, but all over the state are high schoolers playing a very key role in every town and city. We had a couple of towns in which we worked out a system where machinists and high school students went together in pairs in door-to-door visitation. It was very good, not just in terms of getting the job done, but for the people involved. We worked on the idea of getting young people working in their own neighborhoods and working with people other than their own age."

"Did the youth and adults work well together?"

"Oh, yes!"

"No polarization there?"

"Not when the people are face to face and working with each other. I think you get polarization only when people are looking at images of each other."

"If youth want to bring about change, is campaigning the only alternative within the system?"

"There are a great many ways of getting things done," Joe answered. "There are a lot of activities people do in their communities—like civic organizations and citizen efforts. You don't have to be an elected officer or in hard politics to affect change. I guess that things today have gotten to me, because there is a certain level of seriousness in which I began to realize that politics is where a lot of important decisions are being made and those decisions have to do with the exercise of power, so that we have to be more serious about politics than we have been in the past. We cannot afford the bland, non-partisan kind of attitude that a lot of citizens have taken. For example, I don't think the war will come to an end until Congress takes action and that means enough votes for something like the Hatfield-McGovern amendment to pass, and we'll get more votes for that as we make this a political issue all over the country. But politics is not the only way to work for change."

"What do you think about Attorney General Mitchell's comment that student volunteers in this year's campaign will promote voter backlash?"

"The big backlash this fall will be to Mr. Mitchell and to Mr. Nixon from what I can see. I don't think that they're carrying the day with the discriminating voter."

"The Nixon administration has suggested that student unrest is more the responsibility of the students, the college faculties, and the college administrators than of national leadership in Washington, D.C. How do you respond?"

During two strikes in the last year, Joe Duffey joined workers on the picket lines.

"We face a national crisis in housing, health care, education and pollution of the environment. Our government spends more on war and preparation for war than in all these other areas combined. Politicians conduct business-as-usual, while our cities decay and the poor revolt, and the air and water become more hazardous. . . .

There is a struggle going on for the future of this nation. It is today more a struggle between concern and complacency, than between change and reaction. I believe that struggle can unite young and old, advantaged and disadvantaged, black and white. It will not be easy."

His fight for the poor and the black includes recent reconciling efforts in his own neighborhood.

"They're wrong," Joe said firmly. "Unrest cannot be isolated. There is a great credibility problem today and a loss of confidence in national leadership. And that may not be the main reason for unrest but it certainly helps to set the climate. It's not just with government either, because business has lost a lot of its credibility. For example, there's a crisis in credibility when the largest corporation in the country pays Ralph Nader over $400,000 to settle a claim of harassment and intimidation. The whole national climate—the quality of leadership and its credibility—has a lot to do with the situation in which unrest happens. There's no one factor that produces unrest."

"Can social change happen only when the majority feels strongly enough to put pressure on the system? And how do you get the majority to sense the need deeply enough to act?" I asked.

"First of all, the important things that happen don't just happen because of the activities of the majorities. Obviously, very small minorities, because they are vocal and effective, can win support of the majority. Politics is a question of persuasion, enlisting support, and building coalitions to bring about change.

"There always will be a number of people who are apathetic. The problem in this country is that people who essentially stand for reaction and repression are the loudest. We don't know whether or not they are the greatest number. I don't think they are. And I'm talking here about how change comes about democratically. Of course, you can change a small group of people and by intimidation or by violence you can change a society. But if we look at history, we haven't got much evidence that such revolution or repression accomplishes anything better than what they set out to change. Therefore, you have to depend upon winning electorial victories if you're going to work within a political system.

"I don't think people are persuaded necessarily by ideas," Joe continued. "They respond to leadership. The major breakthroughs in this country—like the New Deal—were made on the basis of leadership, not on the basis of ideology. So I don't mean everybody in this country has to be persuaded to do something, but I mean there has to be—in terms of leadership—a climate of trust and confidence and response."

"Do you see such leaders on the horizon now?"

"Not at all," was his quick response. "There are no charismatics around now. Maybe we can do a lot of grass-roots looking and be ready by '72."

"If you are elected, just how will you make a difference?"

"A lot has to do with how a Senator is elected," Joe observed. "I think I could be a more independent voice than some other people who have gone to Washington because I've gotten the nomination in the hardest possible way—by going directly to the

As a seminary teacher and administrator and as a concerned citizen, Candidate Duffey knows youth.

people in the state. No one person can do anything completely by himself, but there are only a hundred votes in the U.S. Senate. If we would have had one more vote—if Senator Dodd had voted differently—we would not have had the expensive, unproven ABM system. That's a good example of what one person's vote can do."

"Some people say politics is not the place of clergymen, whether in the pulpit or in running for office," I noted.

"You could just as easily say that politics is not a place for a lawyer," Joe countered. "A lawyer has a lot of special interests and his training may disqualify him in some areas with the things a representative of the people has to do. You could just as easily say that politics is not the place for a millionaire. How can a millionaire understand the problems of the average citizen in this country? You can't exclude any person or any group. But being a Protestant clergyman, it seems to me, is a matter of a function; it's not a matter of some sort of innate change in your being; but it's a professional role one assumes. Public life has got to be open. I'm running for office because it seems to me urgent to do it right now and because I'm in a better position where I've been free and independent enough to be able to do it. And I've had enough help from people to get started. I don't run for office as a clergyman, but just as a citizen. We need more teachers, more machinists, and more carpenters running for public office. And if we ever do something about reforming the political system, we'd have more of that."

"Do you consider yourself the underdog?"

"I've been the underdog ever since I started. In the very beginning, we were not supposed to be able to create a Democratic primary. That was an enormous job in itself. I'm used to being the underdog."

"What's your strategy from now 'til November 3?"

"I will continue to do the same thing. It will be a public campaign and a grass-roots campaign. It will be very open to all groups."

The phone rang. It was from Howard, his driver. Joe suggested Howard take me to the airport.

Later, as Howard and I neared our destination, he told me he had been a Bobby Kennedy man in '68. I asked him if he saw any similar personalities on the political scene today. He replied, "If Joe Duffey wins, especially against the odds he's facing, he may just be the next Bobby Kennedy. It's not because Joe seeks the national spotlight, because he's really somewhat modest. But he is simply a concerned man who's out to get things done. And that's what youth today—and a lot of adults, too—are looking for."

I thanked Howard and dashed for my plane.

—Herman Ahrens, Jr.

Duffey

Coach George Davis explains why team members vote for the starting line-up of each game played by the Wolverines of Willits High School in Northern California

DEMOCRACY ON THE GRIDIRON

During my youth, the coaches I played under had more effect upon my life than any other people, with the exception of my father. Because of this, I consider coaching to be quite a trust. And so, when I had my first opportunity to coach my own team, I did a lot of thinking about the actual running of the team and the treatment of the players as human beings.

From what I could see, most coaches had exceptional knowledge of the techniques and strategy necessary to play the game of football. But the big problem seemed to lie in the field of motivation. And that's where the really great coaches starred.

To motivate men, you have to be honest and sincere, because they will see through you if you are not. It takes a lot of trust to win football games. A team of men has to find strength in the association with and proximity to each other. They have to depend on their teammates. The depth of their feelings for playing football has to be so great that it encompasses all the players' personalities. They have to look deep within themselves to find these inner resources.

The best way to weld a team together seems to be to focus on the players' respect for one another's judgment. If a player doesn't respect the others' judgment, he won't act together with his teammates. But how can you get a human being to respect the judgment of some other person?

The Greeks hit on a solution long ago. They rendered decisions from a composite opinion taken from all concerned. They voted. And they called it democracy. We have changed a lot as a species

"My problem as coach is how to get human beings to respect the judgment of each other."

since that time, but I still believe we adhere to that basic philosophy. Otherwise, our country will look pretty silly for going through all the travail we experience trying to keep this democratic system alive.

One of the things I noticed on the field was the discrepancy between those players the rest of the team felt should be started and the ones the coaches allowed to start. I'm not saying the players knew better, because coaches know more about qualifications for positions and have the chance to observe during practice when the average player is too busy to notice others. Yet I felt people in groups work better toward a common goal when they are satisfied with the performance of those they work with. Inner cohesion of a group is worth a lot, probably more than individual skills.

I remembered Don Burke who was trying out for offensive fullback at the University of Southern California when I played there: Don was a large, swift player who finally ended up a third-string fullback. Yet he went to the San Francisco '49-ers and played first-string linebacker there for five years.

In retrospect I decided Don should have started somewhere on the roster. I felt he was good enough and I think most of the other team members shared my opinion. Of course, the coach had his reasons and we weren't aware of them. But I remember one U.C.L.A. game when Don got to play the last half. We marched right down the field for the clinching touchdown in what most of us thought was our best offensive showing that season, with Don carrying all of the mail on several drives. He inspired us. We became better because we had to live up to what he was doing for us. This is the way it is on a football team.

Now that I was a coach, what bothered me was that if our U.S.C. coach, knowing as much about football and players as he did, could have made a mistake, what about myself? Then one day the answer came: why not just let the entire team vote for the starting line-up? I would have relished that when I was playing. And my players weren't any different from me.

So we voted!

At first the kids took it as a lark, something to humor a doddering adult. But one day on the practice field one of the players was goofing off before practice started. Several players saw him. They just looked at him for a while. Darned if he didn't get up and go over to hit the blocking sled. It wasn't hard to figure out why. The other guys wanted to win. His sitting around wouldn't help them if they ever had to depend on him. And they had votes. He got the message.

Gradually the voting system became a serious thing. The players

obviously took a great deal of care and had pre-thought their choice. I always followed their choices, even though something once happened that caused our voting day to change from Thursday, as it was originally, to Wednesday.

We had two quarterbacks whose abilities ranked closely. I thought one of the kids happened to fit our type of offense much better than the other. I practiced him at the first team slot all pre-season practice. But on Thursday evening before the first game the other kid won the vote. Except for a few nervous minutes of practice before the game Friday night, the second fellow went into the game with halfbacks, ends, and a fullback he had seldom, if ever, handed off to during practice.

When we received the kickoff I could hardly look at the first exchange. As coach I was sure I had made a mistake. But it didn't make any difference. That kid took the team down the field to score on the game. We won the other games that season. Halfway through the season he was injured and the boy I had first counted on came in and finished the year as if nothing had happened. But we changed the voting to Wednesday so they could practice once together.

Another change in voting occurred when I coached at a junior college. Normally I prepared a dittoed ballot listing players at a specific position alphabetically. (For instance: "Left tackle: Brown, Jones, Smith.") Voters circled the name they chose. If a player got a heavy majority, he played the entire game. If he got a slight majority, he played slightly more than half the game, starting the game and second half. At that junior college the players complained that they all came from different high schools and were unfamiliar with each other. They requested that we change the ballot so that the first name listed was my choice. They did not always

"They learn more about democracy and the vote on the football field than in the history class."

tions on the line-up, although they had definite choices for some positions and wanted to voice them.

One major criticism about the voting system is that people claim that players have buddy systems and play favorites. I have a lot more faith in human nature, particularly among the young Americans I have been privileged to work with. Given the opportunity I believe firmly that the great majority of American kids (and for that matter those in Russia or Tanzania, I just can't speak from experience about them) easily have sufficient moral strength and intellectual competence to render a valid decision when voting for a team he is playing on.

We might as well face the fact that if a man hasn't the ability to render validity on a football ballot, how will he do it in a presidential election in 1980 from a voting booth in a small, remote town like mine? It's something to think

about! If you can't trust the kids to render a decision on a person they have known, lately under conditions of extreme stress, how can they vote successfully for a man they have never met except through the medium of a prepared speech on TV?

Several times the squad has differed with my opinion as to who should start. Sometimes I knew their reasons, sometimes not. One team captain told me that a player I considered superior was not paying the price off the field. A player can hide breaking training from the coaching staff but never from his teammates. They find him out and judge him. They should. It is their team.

People usually ask me if this system would work in professional or university level situations. For the pros, I don't know enough to say. I think it should work even better at the university level. It should if the method of choosing responsible

American citizens for education to a sufficiently high level to make them capable of running the country in the next generation is valid. Players on university teams should be better able to render competent judgment on their fellows.

An additional advantage to the voting system is that it keeps a coach on his toes. From time immemorial, a coach had a tremendous advantage over his players: If they did not do specifically as he said, he just took away from them the thing they valued most—playing on a Friday night or a Saturday afternoon. With this voting system in effect, however, the players theoretically wouldn't have to pay attention to the coach. So a coach has to hold their attention during practice by being a sufficiently competent teacher to explain why the team spends its time practicing as it does. He has to arrange practice to motivate the

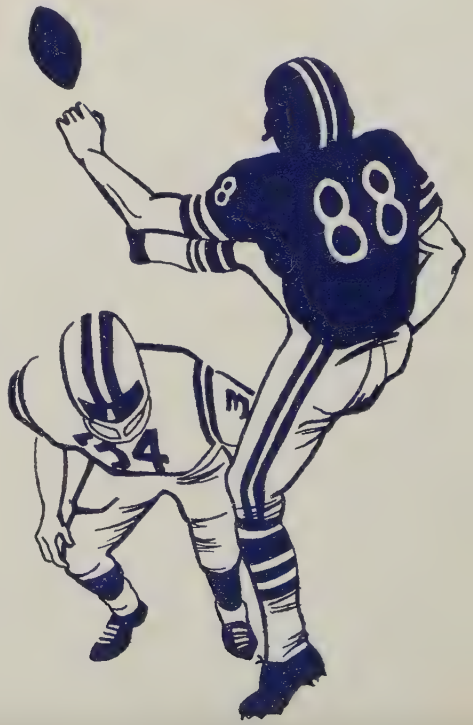
inations among his players, leaving them the task of bringing along the less endowed. This is better than arranging practicing into drill sessions that elicit only automatic conditioned responses.

Other coaches, I will admit, think the voting system stems from some kind of nut. They are not willing to take a chance on something so innovative. Especially, if you are a college coach, and your economic life and the life of not only your family, but the families of your assistants, the athletic director, and a lot of other people are depending on that big six points, you get kind of conservative. In high school, it's a lot different. If you do a good job in your physical education classes, there isn't much they can say to you economically. I have usually coached in such fringe-area schools way off the beaten track that people just let you do what you want. However, one coach at a large high school heard me speak at a clinic once and a year later told me he had used the system, gone undefeated, and won a coaching berth in the North-South Shrine game. Our teams have also had a few winning seasons—last year here at Willits and for five years at St. Helena High School in Napa Valley, Calif.

It surely is an experience to see the team walk out on the field with the confidence that only a knowledge of their own capabilities can give and beat the heck out of a team that obviously doesn't have team cohesiveness to go with the physical superiority. I would never give up the voting system because I know in my heart that it is the best thing for the players.

I suppose someday we'll get a situation lacking a leader or with a heavy group that doesn't measure up idealistically. But even these kids will learn the price of truth and sincerity. And if I'm still around to coach them again the year after, I know we'll pull it together and get something going again. It's worth the risk. Well worth it.

So, we'll vote!



I WANT TO RESPECT MY

I want to respect my country, but the gap between what is and what could be frustrates me.

I believe in God as a loving Father,
whose sense of justice and reconciliation has prodded the conscience and action of men through the ages, but he must be weeping now as he sees hate and apathy among those who follow him from behind their cloistered walls of exclusiveness and superiority.

I believe that all men are created equal,
but such tolerance so often is limited to "our own kind"—whites, property owners, Protestants, laborers, radicals, Americans, or anyone who agrees with us.

I believe that each human being is unique,
but why do opinion-makers lump ALL students together with those very few bomb-throwers so that we are all now the most hated group in the country?

I believe that loyal opposition is the keystone to the success of democracy,
but to many citizens any criticism of those in power is unpatriotic, treasonable or communistic.

I respect the flag and what it stands for
but it stands for more than those who died in battle or for those who display it with pride, for it also stands for those who suffer when we fail to be truly "ONE nation under God indivisible with liberty and justice for ALL."

Our nation is blessed with riches and beauty,
but still some of us go hungry, our cities (and suburbs) decay, our streams are crummy, our hilltops are stripped, and we are poor in spirit and ugly in soul.

I want law and order as much as anyone,
but I see promising leaders assassinated, favoritism for richer taxpayers, inconsistent law enforcement dependent on class or race, sale of firearms unmatched by any other civilized nation, billions spent legally to advertise such killers as alcohol and cigarettes, and we hear a call for larger police forces, and harsher punishments, while not enough is done to cure the known cancers where crime and unrest fester.

I don't approve of language that profanes the humanity of another,
whether it be the earthy four-letters words of angry protesters or angry workers, or the inflaming rhetoric

COUNTRY, BUT . . .

of desperate politicians, or the bigoted use of "nigger", "redneck", "wop", "pig" or "hippie".

I respect authority that is human and unselfish,
but I reject simply turning over all of my personal responsibility and self-respect to someone in authority, as so many adults do, for that then is the end of the humanness in me that demands responsibility of me and equality for me.

I believe machines should serve human needs,
but in the name of progress uncontrolled technology has swept everything in its path—environment, freedom of movement, human values—until man has become the slave of the machine.

I'm ready to give my life for my country,
but I'd like to have a choice of alternatives, whether it be tutoring in the ghetto, being a guinea pig for medical science, serving in the Peace Corps overseas, or wherever our world needs bolstering, but I abhor the implication that being trained to kill as a soldier is the only acceptable way to serve my country.

I believe no man is perfect,
but no man is a real man—worth looking up to—until he is big enough to admit his own mistakes and those of his countrymen. I know, for I've got so much to learn, but who's to teach me?

As I mature, I can best find out who I am in warm and meaningful relationships with others,
but in family, in school, in neighborhoods, everywhere, I see an increasing absence of community—fewer people who really care enough to listen or who feel free enough to be themselves.

I believe our nation can do anything it has the will and the heart to do,
especially now with our scientific know-how, but we aim for the moon instead of the earth, we flow with an overabundance of unneeded products while the deeper needs of mankind go begging.

In our fight for a better world, we have no opposition,
for who can say that he is against peace, or against health, shelter, and education for all, or against anything that makes you and me and everyone else feel like a human being? Is this not what God intended for his children?

touch n' go

NO HYPOCRITE!

This is a special thanks for running that interview with Joan Baez Harris. For several years I have been keenly interested in her work. She is no hypocrite. She commits herself to a cause and doesn't just sing about the wrong—she works to change it. Perhaps that is why I respect her so much. . . . Anyway it has been so long since I have heard her opinion given "equal time" that I was eager to hear her elaborate on her beliefs.

—B.F./La Crescenda, Calif.

AN UNACCEPTABLE EXAMPLE

We are concerned adults writing about the June 21 issue. We are wondering what comments you would have received had this been published in an adult leaflet.

One concern is that you have put as an example before youth a person (Joan Baez Harris) who affirms, it seems to us, that she does not seem to accept God or Jesus Christ as the saving values of a personal life. She states, "I don't go to church." And further on page 17, when she is asked what are the character ideals she thinks a young person ought to strive for most, she answers: "I think what you should do is look around for somebody—or an example—who makes sense to you. If it's Jesus, good. Or you could pick somebody you know who has a light in his eyes and you really dig him. Try to get some clues from that person. . . . because that person probably has something to offer you."

We take offense that her neighbors, who are "free in spirit" and nude-at-will, are a detriment to the article. From the onset, this gives a sense of immorality to the article.

"Draft-Age, Listen" on page 21, we feel is contrary to the belief of the Church that God has no part in decisions that young people must make. Also, she gives only imprisonment as an alternative to the draft. Doesn't she know that Brethren Volunteer Service and the Peace Corps are POSITIVE disagreements with the draft?

We agree with her that "violence begets violence" but feel that her insignificant realization of God in her life is a void that should be filled before she is held up as an acceptable example to our youth.

—D. and B.H./Hamilton, Ohio

HITTING HOME

I just want you to know that YOUTH magazine is one of the best things published for young Christians. The articles deal with the issues facing young people today and they hit home.

A couple of my young Jewish friends read the magazine, and were so impressed with it that they sent one copy off to their publication officials and suggested that their publications lacked the vitality that YOUTH magazine had, and hoped that Jewish youth might be better served with your magazine.

Keep up the good work and thanks for "being alive."

—R.C./Easton, Pa.

A BIASED PICTURE

It is admirable that you seek to communicate with your readers on such an important topic as the Middle East crisis (May 10, 1970 issue). You seem to attempt to be balanced in your presentation of the Israeli and Arab "sides" of the story, at least in numbers of pages allotted to reportages. But at virtually every occasion where the benefit of doubt, fact or interpretation is in the balance, you lean in favor of the Arab side.

Since you are writing for a high school audience and since most of your read-

ers, therefore, have little other knowledge of the Middle East, it is particularly distressing that your article takes this biased approach. . . . If you want to show balance, then you must indicate both sides' perspectives fairly and honestly on your balance sheet. You have duly shown the Palestinian side, and invariably you have magnified its strength and minimized or ignored anything unfavorable to it. Your portrayal of Israel is such a ridiculously hawkish, Dr. Strangelove, militaristic picture, that only readers with a disposition to militaristic "cheerful swagger" will come away sympathizing with Israel. It is because your issue did such an unbalanced disservice to truth, at Israel's expense, that I am compelled to write. It would appear that you owe your readers an apology and a retraction.

—D.G./Chico, Calif.

FROM THE NORTH POLE

I am stationed only a few miles from the North Pole and I don't have much chance to get news on the outside world, and I was wondering if I could get a subscription sent to me up here. I read your July issue which the post Chaplain gave me and I really liked the article about Barbara and the Hippies. Enclosed is my three dollars.

—P.R./Ft. Greely, Alaska

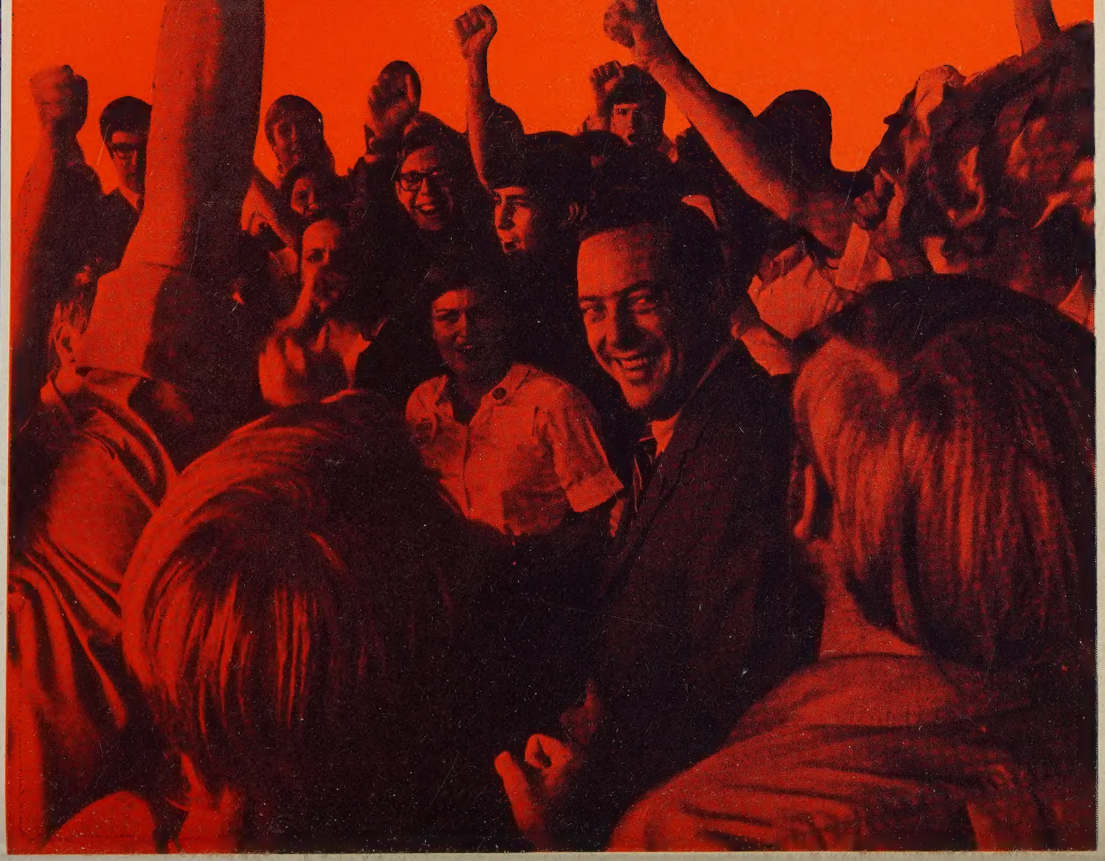
You're never too young to campaign

Teens may be a key factor in the Senatorial election this fall in Tennessee, where Senator Albert Gore (D-Tenn.) claims he is the "number one target of the Southern strategy" of the Nixon administration. His Republican opponent is four-term Congressman William Brock, who is young, wealthy, and conservative. Among those rallying around Brock (see back cover) are the college-age Young Republicans and the Teen-Age Republicans (TARS) of Nashville.

TARS is a national organization of high-school-age youth with local and state branches. When not campaigning, TARS members are involved in studying social and political issues, or just being together with like-minded youth. (In his youth, Congressman Brock himself got his start in politics as the first national TARS chairman.)

The teen-age Democrats have similar Teen Democratic Clubs (Teen Dems). Whichever way you lean, you can learn more by writing either to National TARS Headquarters, 359 National Press Building, Washington, D.C., 20004, or to Teen Democratic Clubs c/o Young Democratic Clubs of America, 2600 Virginia Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037.

First, get informed. Second, decide what you think are the top priorities. Third, support the candidate whose priorities most agree with yours. No one group of citizens has all the answers, but scout around for that group that represents where you stand.

A helpful guide is the booklet, VOTE POWER, THE OFFICIAL ACTIVIST CAMPAIGN HANDBOOK (Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1970, $1.50 paper) prepared by the Movement for a New Congress, 136 Palmer Hall, Princeton, N.J. 08540.

Even though the November 3 election is just weeks away, there are local jobs to be done which you can do. Besides, achieving the kind of government and society you want is not a one-time fling, but an on-going, hard-working, and gradual course.